

## wrapped in denim by krelboyne

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**Summary:**

Steve rocks his hips. Closes his eyes, and then. Opens them again. Because, he has *Billy Hargrove* looking pretty under him. Soaked in sunshine and all golden. Golden skin, golden curls. Eyes all blue and green like the ocean, or. How Steve imagines the ocean might look. Thinks he doesn't even need to go see it for himself. Thinks he has a piece of it right here; spread open and warm and writhing beneath him. His own wave. A tidal wave. Beautiful and stormy.

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### Author's Note:

Day 9. Blue.

Steve's never complained about Billy's skin-tight denim before.

It's always been a blessing. Especially at school. Watching the sway of his hips, the stride of his legs. Always so deliberate, especially when Steve's around to see. Sometimes a curse, because. Popping a boner before class isn't exactly a *blessing*.

Well. Apart from that one time when they'd skipped class completely, because Billy had wrapped a fist around Steve's wrist and yanked him into the nearest toilets. Gross, but. He got a handy instead of sitting through Math, so.

Now, though. Those fucking blue jeans - that frequently play the leading role in Steve's wet dreams - are the bane of his existence.

At least, *currently*. Just, for now.

And, it's probably his own fault, because Billy had told him not to come here. Not to come to *his* house. But Steve had ignored him, and his car is parked a block away and Billy's bedroom window is thrown wide open, afternoon sunshine bathing his bed in golden light.

Billy's back is pushed into the mattress, and his legs are spread as far as his blue jeans will allow. He *won't* take them off. Doesn't matter, apparently, how many times Steve asks, or hints. He just says, '*You decided to come here. I'm not taking my fucking pants off. Too much of a risk.'*'

Because Billy's dad is just down the hall, and. Like, Steve *gets* it. But, he thinks he's missing a few pieces of the puzzle. Thinks that he isn't seeing the whole picture. Thinks that Billy's holding back. Billy's said, *my dad's an asshole*, on a couple of occasions and Steve has always said, *I know the feeling, man*. But. Today, as soon as Steve had scrambled not-so-gracefully through his window, he'd said, *I'm dead*

*if he sees you here.* Said, *we're both dead.* And, Steve doesn't want to die, but he also really needs to see Billy. Really needs to get off. Is desperate for it. As though they hadn't fumbled around in the back of the Camaro just last night, hands down each other's pants and Billy kissing bruises into his throat.

'Fine.' Steve settles, because he doesn't want to die, and he doesn't want Billy to die. Not before they can *get off*. No fucking chance.

Billy's a little pissed off, but, he seems a little smug too. The quirk of his mouth might as well say, *ha! This is payback.* Because Steve's between Billy's thighs, fucking dry humping him, and they're both in *jeans*, blue denim, with like, zero stretch. Steve isn't chasing the friction from Billy's body, so much as chasing the friction from the seam in his own pants. It seems all a little pointless, maybe. Like a lot of hard work, effort, but. Billy will only say, *told you so*, or, *this is why you should just wait*, if Steve pulls back. If he lets the denim defeat him.

Besides, Billy can't be one hundred percent pissed, because his hands are gripping onto Steve's shoulders, and his legs *are open*, even if they're not open quite enough. And it's not just Billy's fault; Steve's jeans are *also* the fucking bane of his existence. Too rough and stiff, and nearly too thick to feel the heat between Billy's thighs.

Nearly.

He clings to what he *does* feel. Tries to focus on the limited heat that he's positive he can feel. Positive he isn't just *imagining*. But. He can't know for sure, because he knows the heat of Billy's thighs too well. Is probably a fucking expert at imagining it by now.

And Steve's sweating. Just a little. Damp collecting at his temples, at the nape of his neck. His lower back, the back of his knees. It's hard work, fucking around in denim like this. Trying to get off in denim. He groans, lips working against the shell of Billy's ear when he mutters, 'This is ridiculous.' And it *is* ridiculous, but it's more ridiculous, probably, that he's still trying. That his hips are still snapping as though he's actually *fucking Hargrove*, and not just rocking up against him.

Billy's grinning beneath him, because of course he is. Dick. 'Well,' he says, not quite breathless, but getting there. 'This is what happens when you don't do as I say.'

'Fuck off.' There's no heat to Steve's tone. Most of his energy is in the thrusting of his hips, is in the effort to grind his hard cock against something more than just the seam of his jeans. Preferably, against Billy's cock. But. They're not quite meeting.

Billy laughs. Says, 'C'mon then, pretty boy. Gonna keep fucking me or what?'

And. Billy's tormenting him, quite clearly, but. That's *good*. His words are *good*. They're a little bit filthy and, considering Steve doesn't have a satisfying amount of friction to rub up against, they're a good alternative. Something that might, potentially, tip him over the edge when he needs it.

He nods into the crook of Billy's neck, shoots back with, 'Yeah. Gonna keep taking it for me, baby?' He's never really been *good* at the whole dirty-talk thing. Never really had a reason to spew words like that. Action always just came easy. Came with being king, and. Then there was Nancy, and she's. Not the kind of girl to cloak in filthy words. And. Shit. He's losing his train of thought, but then Billy's hands are gliding down his body, fixing on his hips.

And he mumbles, all rich and deep, and voice like velvet, 'Uh-huh. I'll take it. I want it.'

The tips of his fingers dig into Steve's hips and maybe his jeans are actually a bit of a godsend in this moment after all, because he's almost sure Billy would be drawing blood from his flesh.

Steve rocks his hips. Closes his eyes, and then. Opens them again. Because, he has *Billy Hargrove* looking pretty under him. Soaked in sunshine and all golden. Golden skin, golden curls. Eyes all blue and green like the ocean, or. How Steve imagines the ocean might look. Thinks he doesn't even need to go see it for himself. Thinks he has a piece of it right here; spread open and warm and writhing beneath him. His own wave. A tidal wave. Beautiful and stormy.

‘Wanna watch me while you fuck me?’ Billy’s smirking, like he’s caught Steve out.

Steve doesn’t have the energy for *words*. He just nods. Nods rapidly. Feels stupid.

‘Good,’ Billy closes his eyes and there’s no water now, no ocean greens and blues, just gold, gold sand. ‘Watch me, baby. Watch me and fuck me.’

Steve does as he’s told. He stares down at the slice of sunshine, at the ball of fire, and rocks right into him like he’s fucking him. Like the roll of his hips is of any kind of consequence. And.

They haven’t actually fucked yet. Just stripped down to their underwear and messed around like this. Handjobs and blowjobs. But. No *fucking*. It, just hasn’t happened. Not yet. And, as Steve snaps his hips, feels Billy’s nails digging through denim, he thinks of the heat between Billy’s thighs. Imagines how it might feel, to fill him up. To. To have strong legs wrapped around him, keeping him close.

Billy’s eyes are closed and he’s moaning. Quiet, and hushed, because his house isn’t empty like Steve’s is. His face is flushed. Just a powdering of pink on gold. Rose gold. Looks so pretty, almost looks *delicate*, beneath the weight of Steve, but. He isn’t. He’s a tidal wave with a dirty mouth. Says, like he can read Steve’s mind - and Steve, honestly, wouldn’t be surprised, ‘Wanna feel you, baby. Want you inside me. C’mon. Fill me up.’ Says, ‘Fuck me harder’, like Steve’s actually inside him. Like there’s no barrier. No blue denim there to cockblock them.

There’s heat building at the base of Steve’s spine. Building fast and hard and fiery-hot. Hot like sun-scorched sand. Like, walking on sand with no shoes, no socks. Like touching fire.

He’s inside Billy. Not really, but. He’s thinking about it. Realistically, he’s chasing the friction that the seam inside his jeans is providing. Grinding against it with every thrust *inside of Billy*. Cock aching and leaking; probably spoiling the front of his jeans. Wet spot on blue.

Then Billy’s eyes are open. Heavy-lidded. Ebb tide. Calm waters, with

a flash of something dangerous beneath the waves. His voice is soft, urgent around the edges, when he tells Steve, ‘Come. Come for me. Want you to finish inside me. Can you do that, baby? Can you come for me?’ There’s no stopping Billy once he gets started, and. Steve’s an open fucking book. Billy *knows* that he’s close. Knows that his words are hooking into him, anchoring him. Says, ‘That’s it, Steve. Let go.’ Says, ‘Make me all yours, baby. Fill me up.’

Steve drowns.

Comes with his mouth parted against Billy’s neck. Comes with the taste of sweat-damp skin on his tongue. The taste of salt that makes him think of seawater. Makes him think of being swept under. *Wants* to be swept under. Sinks willingly, and spills into his underwear. Shoots thick ropes that seem endless. That are being coaxed out by Billy’s tight grip on his hips and Billy’s dirty words, voice rumbling. ‘Yeah, Steve. That’s good. Just what I want.’

Billy leaves him panting and trembling. A fucking mess.

Has the decency to let Steve catch his breath before he says, ‘You need to go.’

‘What?’ Steve’s tongue feels thick and heavy and clumsy. Too big for his mouth.

‘Gotta go, Stevie. I’m serious.’

There’s no use in protesting. Billy’s mind is made up, and. Billy gave him *this*, at least. Billy risked it. Let him stay. And, Steve’s nodding, pushing his body away from Billy, and away from his bed. ‘But. What about you? I didn’t get to -’

Billy’s cutting in, propping himself up on his elbows and smirking at the dark patch on Steve’s light blue denim. ‘Don’t worry. I can take care of myself.’ He’s already popping the button and tugging at the zip on the front of his jeans, slipping a hand beneath the waistband.

‘Hey,’ Steve’s pointing, actually *pointing* at Billy’s snaking hand, like he can’t quite believe what he’s seeing. ‘Now you open your pants, huh?’

Hargrove just shrugs. Looks blissed out, like he already has a good grip on himself. ‘Yeah, well. I’ll be alone and that’s different. Safer.’

Steve shoots Billy a look, because. Christ. It feels like he has fucking *carpet burn* after grinding against denim. Has probably been branded by his own fucking zipper. But, Billy just shooes him out with a wave of his hand and a shit-eating grin on his face.

Says, ‘Off you go, Harrington.’ Like Steve’s wasting his time, or. Interrupting his wank.

Steve looks down at the front of his own jeans. Sees the spread of his own mess. Dark and obvious, against blue denim. Rolls his eyes and heads towards Billy’s window. It’s stupid, but he can’t quite help himself when he asks, ‘Tomorrow?’

Billy smiles. ‘Tomorrow.’

Steve clammers out of the window, exit no more graceful than his entry. Lingers there, and waits for ocean blue to meet forest brown. Billy looks, and he’s still smiling and his hand is shifting beneath the material of his jeans. Blue eyes, blue denim. Steve says, ‘Think of me.’

Billy’s laughing, and then Steve is too. Flips Steve a middle finger. And Steve *knows*. Knows that it means, *one step ahead of you*. Knows it means, *see you later*.

Then he’s gone. Walking from Billy’s house in stiff, stained denim. Burning hot, not just from the waist down, but. All over. Taking Billy’s taste and scent with him. Ocean salt and sun-baked denim.